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AT BAY

OR,

LUCY DRAYTON'S HEROISM.

BY THOMAS FITZGERALD.

Author of "Light at Last," "Tangled Threads," "Who shall Win," "The Regent," etc.

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Original Play, in Five Acts,

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SEATS SECURED SIX

WOLVES AT BAY;

OR,

LUCY DRAYTON'S HEROISM.

CHAPTER I.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Our story opens in the beautiful mountainous region of upper Pennsylvania, about two hundred miles from Philadelphia, where Mr. Drayton, the proprietor of a great iron mill, lives "a prosperous gentleman." He is a self-made man, somewhat stern, but possessing a good heart, and lavishing its warmest feelings upon his only child, Lucy Drayton, a lovely girl of eighteen, and heiress to his vast wealth, being his only living relation. It is Fourth of July, and as the curtain of our drama rises, the figures of Mr. Drayton, Lyon Leary (his confidential clerk), and a number of the workmen are seen on the lawn in front of Mr. Drayton's mansion.

"Well, sir," said Leary, "what do you say?"

"That is a useless question, Mr. Leary," replied Mr. Drayton. "I say, no." Then, turning to the workmen, he added, kindly, "Your request for an increase of wages is not altogether unreasonable; but I do not feel warranted in granting it just now. Business is comparatively dull, and considerable uncertainty overhangs the future."

"You positively refuse, then?" said Leary, while dark looks passed among the men.

"I do," replied Mr. Drayton, firmly. "I will pay you every farthing I have promised, and the wages are good; but I cannot increase my expenses."

"But, sir," said John Kelsey, an honest, good-hearted workman, whose daughter Mary and family had been well cared for by Lucy Drayton, "things have been getting dearer, and we can't live on what we could before the war."

"Your wages are good, Kelsey," said Mr. Drayton; "and I cannot promise to raise them. We are making no money now."

"Yes—but you are rich—and—"

"No more. I cannot yield to your demand."

"Had you not better think over it?" insinuated Leary.

Mr. Drayton regarded him coldly. "No," he replied.

"Then, sir," said Leary, with a slight sneer, "the men have resolved—"

"To go on with the strike, I suppose," said Mr. Drayton.

"Yes, yes," muttered the workmen.

"My good fellows," said Mr. Drayton, "you have had bad advisers. Striking always has been and will be a a poor argument. Some designing scoundrel has misled you. Think well of what you are about to do."

"We have thought," said Josh Lipp, one of the principal spokesmen; "and if you don't yield, we'll strike."

Mr. Drayton sighed.

"I am sorry," he said. "I am anxious to treat you well, and do what is right, but I cannot raise your wages."

"Very well, then, strike is the word," cried the men; and they departed to drown their disappointment at the tavern.

"Mr. Drayton," said Leary, softly, "I am sorry; but—"

"That will do," said Mr. Drayton, with some hauteur. "Have you made out the statement I requested?"

"I have, sir; here it is."

Mr. Drayton took the paper, and would have entered the house, when Leary stopped him.

"One moment, sir," he said. "I am respectably connected—I have saved a few thousand dollars—"

Mr. Drayton regarded him in some surprise.

"You had nothing when you came to me," he said, dryly.

"I know that," said his clerk, wincing; "I was poor, and you gave me assistance and position. I have been economical—"

"You have," ejaculated his employer. "I never saw you give a penny to a beggar."

"— And lucky in several speculations," added Leary, without noticing the interruption; "and I thought you might, knowing my industry, be induced to advance me in—in—business—and—give me an interest in the—the mill."

"Anything else, Mr. Leary?"

"Yes, sir."

"State it."

"I have dared to hope that I have—that Miss Drayton—"

"Speak plainly."

Leary's face grew a shade paler, from suppressed agitation.

"I—I—I—I—love your daughter."

"Have you spoken to her on the subject?"

"No, sir."

"It is well. If you value your place, never mention this subject again."

Leary recoiled, and gasped—"I will—I will obey you; but it is my duty to warn you against your superintendent. Mr. Levering. He is not indifferent to the charms of Miss Drayton, and she—"

Mr. Drayton pointed sternly to the gate. "Go," he said, calmly.

Leary smiled in a sickly manner. "You will believe me soon," he said, and with an effort at composure he bowed and departed, muttering, "Revenge—revenge!"

"That fellow will bear watching," murmured Mr. Drayton. "I fear he has been tampering with the men in regard to the strike."

At this moment a clear, gladsome, fresh voice was heard from the mansion, and Lucy Drayton, in all her loveliness, came bounding out into the sunlight.

"O, papa, papa, papa," she cried, "give me a kiss—a great big kiss—and tell me that you love me, and wish me a happy birthday."

"I do, my darling," said her fond father, embracing her.

"That's right," said Lucy. "O, you dear, kind, lovely, splendid, horrible, naughty papa—how I love, love, love you, and I'm so glad to find you at last. I've been looking everywhere for you."

"You merry girl," said Mr. Drayton; "do you know what day this is?"

"Yes, indeed," said Lucy; "it's the Fourth of July. Fizz! bang! "Here's at you!" "Hurrah!" "Tooty-toot!" (imitating trumpet). "Speech! speech!" "We won't go home till morning!" "The day we celebrate!" "Hooray for the Bar Tangled Spanner!" "It's the glorious Fourth, and besides that, it is Lucy Drayton's birthday."

Mr. Drayton smiled. "Tell me how you like this," he said, producing a case of magnificent jewels.

"O, papa!" and Lucy embraced him, telling him how good he was, and how she didn't deserve so lovely a present.

"You do deserve it," said Mr. Drayton. "But tell me —how are our guests—Mrs. Harmon Dolyer, Mr. Tom Dolyer, and Jack and Becky Somerville enjoying themselves?"

Lucy laughed. "Papa," she said, "I want to tell you something. You know Becky Somerville and I were schoolmates?"

"Yes."

"Well—from what she has repeatedly hinted since her arrival, I know she has brought her brother Jack here to marry me."

"Indeed?"

"And, Mrs. Dolyear has the same intentions with her son, Tom."

"What a shrewd girl you are!"

"But, they won't catch me, for I don't care a snap for either of them."

"And who do you love?"

"You—dear father."

"And who else?"

Lucy colored.

"Why, papa," she said rapidly—"What a question! Have you found a husband for me?"

"Not yet," replied Mr. Drayton, smiling.

"Then, don't ask silly questions. There, there," and she put her hand over his mouth; then kissed him, and he went off to see about the troubles at the mill, while Lucy, seated under a large old tree, thoughtfully surveyed her splendid present.

"I wonder what Mr. Levering will say when he sees it?" she said, half to herself.

"Why, simply, that—costly and rare as they are—they do not heighten your value in my eyes; although they do show the love of your excellent father," replied a voice behind her.

Lucy, with a little scream, turned and beheld Arthur Levering, superintendent of her father's Iron Works.

"How you frightened me," she said.

"Forgive me," he replied, "but I have come to put you on your guard against Leary. I have discovered that

he is the instigator of the strike, and also found out that he has been forging your father's name."

Lucy knew but little about business, so the news did not affect her beyond a mere expression of surprise.

"Do you know," she said, impulsively, "I like you!"

Levering colored in a remarkable way.

"Do—you—?" he stammered.

"Yes—you are so good. You have been so kind to John Kelsey's family—Mary Kelsey says you are a noble man, and ——"

Levering was becoming so confused that she stopped. Then, after a moment, Levering seemed to take courage.

"Do you know," he said, "I like *you*, too."

"Do you?" replied Lucy, gaily, "Oh—isn't that nice."

Levering did not smile. He seemed troubled.

"In a short time—" he said, slowly—"I—I expect to leave this place."

"Leave this place," repeated Lucy, mechanically.

"Yes."

"Are you dissatisfied with your position," she asked quickly—"has my father treated you unkindly—."

"No"—he said—"I leave—because—"

"Because what? Speak?"

"*Because I love you!!!*"

"Oh!!!"

Lucy turned her back on him to conceal her emotion and joy.

"Farewell;" said Levering; "I know my case is hopeless," and he turned slowly away.

"Oh, dear," thought Lucy; "he is leaving me;—this is awful—he thinks I don't love him. Mr. Levering?"

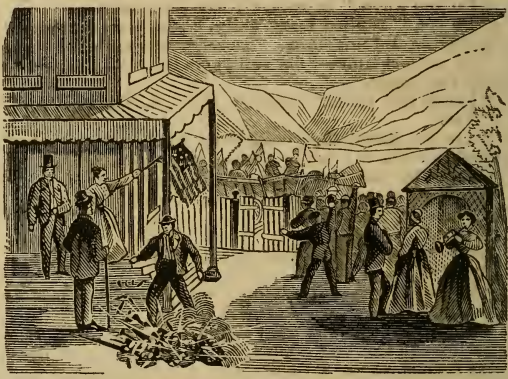
He turned—he saw in her eyes the bewildering and blissful truth, and half wild with joy, clasped her in his arms!

"But, your father?" he said, anxiously.

"Never fear," replied Lucy. "He will do as I wish. Farewell now, for here comes Tom Dolyer and Mrs. Somerville."

The lovers parted, Levering going to the mill, and Lucy into the house, as Tom Dolyer, Mrs. Dolyer's wild son, one of the most enthusiastic base ballists that ever lived, sauntered along, making desperate love to Becky. In his boyish frankness he told her that his mother had brought him there to marry Lucy, which being the same thing Becky was engineering for her bachelor

brother Jack, a quaint, warm hearted fellow, somewhere between forty and fifty, the fair Rebecca resolved to spoil Tom's mamma's little game. So she kept Tom by her side, and was well tormented by him, for he insisted on her throwing around a ball, which lovely sport came to an end by hitting poor Jack Somerville on the head as he was approaching with Mrs. Dolyer. Champagne relieved him, and having got Tom and Becky out of the road, he commenced a desperate flirtation with Mrs. Dolyer, which was interrupted first by two donkeys looking over the fence and braying at the lovers, and then by Tom Dolyer's exploding a lot of fire crack-



ers under the bench where they were sitting. What would have been the result of this little earthquake cannot be guessed, as it was interrupted by the entrance of Leary and Levering talking excitedly. Mr. Drayton, hearing the noise come out of the mansion.

"What is this?" he inquired.

"It means, sir," replied Levering, "that Mr. Leary is no longer worthy of your confidence."

"Dare you, sir," said Leary.

"I dare do my duty," said Levering. "You have forged your employer's name and organized this strike among the hands, hoping to conceal your rascality."

"I will not stay here to be insulted!" cried Leary, livid with rage. "Beware of that man, Mr. Drayton; I know of his stolen interviews with your daughter, and—"

"Silence, sir," replied Mr. Drayton, "and depart!"

"I go," replied the detected villain, "but the end is not yet!"

"Not a word of this to Lucy," said Mr. Drayton.

"Come, friends," said our heroine, appearing at the door, "come and eat my birthday Fourth of July dinner. Ah! what is that?"

She was interrupted by the arrival of a wagon, gayly decorated, in which was the village band, playing "Hail Columbia," "Yankee Doodle," and other familiar airs, followed by the villagers in their holiday attire. Every one was cheering. Tom Dolyer was letting off fire-crackers, Becky blowing a trumpet, Lucy waving a flag, and all seemed radiant with happiness, little suspecting the awful events which were to follow.

CHAPTER II.

THE SKELETON AT THE FEAST.

Mr. Drayton and Arthur Levering left the rest at dinner, that they might talk over the trouble at the mill; and although Mr. Drayton refused to believe that the men would strike, or do anything violent, still, at Levering's suggestion, he resolved to go down to the city and bring up the military to protect himself in case anything should happen. They were interrupted by the entrance of Mary Kelsey, John Kelsey's daughter, who had been befriended by Lucy, and who was, consequently, warmly attached to her. Mary, trembling with terror, began telling of a plot of the strikers to attack Mr. Drayton's house. The entrance of Lucy interrupting the recital, Mr. Drayton and Mary departed to finish their conference in the library, leaving the lovers together, when Levering unfolded the plan of the instant departure of Mr. Drayton and himself for Philadelphia.

"I shall be feverish and unhappy until I see your dear face again," he said.

"Do not fear," replied Lucy; "I have no idea that the men will harm me. You talk as if I were a child."

"It is because you are *not* a child," replied her lover, "that I fear the worst."

Lucy laughed gayly.

"What a droll man you are," she said; "Have you spoken to my father about our engagement?"

Levering hesitated.

"No," he replied. "I have had no opportunity. He seems fretful, and I fear to ask him now, lest he should destroy my hopes."

At this moment Mr. Drayton entered; and after telling Mary Kelsey to return home and say nothing of her visit to him, he turned to the lovers, half overhearing their last words. As he did so, the truth flashed across his mind. His daughter loved this man. His Lucy, who, in his imagination, he saw the wife of some great man. What wonder, then, on beholding his ambitious hopes dashed to the ground, he turned sharply upon the trembling lovers.

"What is this?" he said.

"Papa," said Lucy, bravely, "I love Mr. Levering, and—and—"

"Not another word," replied her father, harshly; "I forbid the match."

"Sir—sir!" cried Levering, overpowered.

Lucy's eyes flashed.

"You are very unkind, papa—you want to break my heart—I love Mr. Levering and he loves me, and I will never love any one else. I won't marry a great man—I won't marry any but Mr. Levering and—and—"

And she burst into tears, and laid her golden head on her father's shoulder.

"There, there," he replied, gently; "I have gone too far—I will think over the matter—I—"

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed Levering, "dare I hope?"

"Not a word now," replied Mr. Drayton. "Come, we must depart. Somerville and Dolyer will remain to protect the house. I cannot believe that the strikers will attempt to molest its inmates."

"Nor I, either," added Lucy.

"We shall have plenty of time to drive to the lower depot, where we shall escape discovery," continued Mr. Drayton. "We can return with the military by to-morrow night. The strikers will hardly know of our departure."

"Here, papa," said Lucy, running to a pistol-case on

the table, "Take one of these weapons—leave the other for me. Now, farewell."

Mr. Drayton, with a fond embrace, left the room, while the lovers parted, Levering leaving in Lucy's hand her first love-letter. Thereupon, she ran to her room to read it and have a good cry. On her return, she found her guests just putting the finishing touches to a lovely row, because Jack Somerville would flirt with Mrs. Dolyer and Tom Dolyer would flirt with Becky Somerville—all in preference to Lucy. Of course, the match-makers were, secretly, deadly enemies, although they embraced in a wild and wonderful way in public. Lucy, however, soon put them into a good humor, and Tom gave them a spirited description of a game of Base Ball, which, however, was interrupted by the news that some of the mill hands wished to see Miss Drayton. In fearless innocence, Lucy permitted them to enter.

They were all masked!

They were the strikers!

What did they want?

They demanded to see Mr. Drayton. They had heard of his departure. Why had he gone to Philadelphia?

"Don't tell them," whispered Mrs Dolyer.

"I will speak the truth!" answered Lucy; and she then told them all.

"Now, you may go," she said.

"Not so," they replied, insolently; "We want wine—money."

"You shall have neither."

"Ha!"

Lucy faced them fearlessly.

"You are masked," she said; "but you have not escaped detection. *I know you all!*"

The strikers started.

"John Kelsey," continued the brave girl, "is this the way you repay your benefactor? Lyon Leary—forger and villain—do you dare enter the house of the man you have robbed?"

"By heaven—!" cried the masked figure, "beware what you say."

"I do not fear you," replied our heroine. Then, turning to the men, she continued passionately—

"You are standing on the verge of a precipice. This man who has nothing to lose, is urging you on. Back,

ere you bring great misery on yourselves and your innocent families. Think but for a moment, and you will see how terrible is the future for you if you outrage the law."

"You are right, Miss Lucy," said John Kelsey, "come, boys, let's go away."

"No, no!" shouted the crowd—half mad with the liquor which Leary had been plying them with—"we want money or wine."

And they advanced towards Lucy. She sprang to the

table, and taking the pistol from its case, pointed it at them!

"I have used entreaty," she said, "and you will not hear me. Advance one more step and I fire!"

There was something in her beautiful face, stern in its death-like paleness, and her flashing eyes, which awed them, and they shrank away submissively, and passed from the room, despite the smothered curses of Leary.

The house was saved! Lucy fell fainting!

CHAPTER III.

LIFE IN THE BALANCE.

It was night. Lucy sat alone in the corridor of her father's quaint old house, despondent and filled with strange agitation. She was no longer the merry girl of yesterday. A night had transformed her into a woman. She had heard nothing from her father. An ominous suspense seemed to hang over everything. The day had been gloomy with forbodings, and the night seemed to contain undefinable terror for the poor child. The clock struck ten as the servant entered with a telegram. Lucy took it eagerly. It read as follows—

"*Home to-night, by half-past one—with military.*
W. DRAYTON."

With an exclamation of joy Lucy hastened to join her guests, unknowingly dropping the telegram as she did so. The room was illuminated only by the moonlight, which streamed in a large bow window. Suddenly a figure appeared at this window. It was Leary!

He entered softly. He had come to rob the house and then escape, for he feared the failure of the strike. He observed the telegram on the floor. Another moment and he was master of its contents. A demoniac smile crossed his pale face.

"So, so," he muttered; "I did not expect you so soon. I will see if your return cannot be delayed for a few days—perhaps forever."

Placing it in his pocket, he began to search the room for valuables, when Lucy, who had missed the telegram, suddenly entered.

There was a moment of breathless suspense.

"You here," exclaimed Lucy. "What do you want?"

"I have come to tell you of a peril which overhangs your father," replied Leary, rapidly.

Lucy smiled calmly.

"I don't believe you," she said. "Leave the house!"

"Hear me for a moment."

"I will not."

"I love you."

"Villain! how dare you insult me? You have stolen into the house—begone."

"Nay, hear me."

"I will not."

"*You shall!*"

He locked the door. They were alone, beyond reach of a call for help. Lucy trembled.

"Open the door," she said. "Don't come near me," and she violently overturned a large old-fashioned chair.

Leary writhed his lips into the semblance of a smile.

"You will not listen to me, then?" he asked.

Lucy regarded him contemptuously.

"No," she replied, "never. I hate you."

"Ah! you hate me?"

He came a step nearer.

"It is useless to call," he said, with a bitter laugh. "You could not be heard."

"Help, help, help!" called Lucy, fearlessly.

Leary ground his teeth.

"Utter another cry," he said, "and I'll strangle you on the spot!"

"Will you?" said a well known voice; "not if I know it, old fellow," and Tom Dolyer sprang in the window, unlocked the door, and Mr. Somerville, Mrs. Dolyer and Miss Somerville, attracted by the noise made by the overturned chair, rushed in.

With a smothered curse Leary fled before they could capture him. It was now eleven o'clock, and the ladies resolved to retire. Lucy, concealing her fears, requested Tom and Somerville to sit up, in case they should be needed, and the rest then bade each other good night.

Tom, having got the keys of the cellar from Lucy, the servants having retired to the building where they slept, a short distance from the mansion, champagne was brought up, and Somerville became delightfully jolly. Tom, with his usual fun, corked the poor fellow's face, and then took him to bed. They had scarcely left the apartment, and the clock was just striking twelve, when Lucy entered. She could not sleep, and her terror was increased by hearing some one climbing to the balcony.

A figure stood in the moonlight. It was Mary Kelsey.

"Hush," she said, "and listen. The strikers have discovered that your father and Mr. Levering return by the half past one o'clock train, and—"

"Go on—go on!"

"They intend cutting the trestle work over the gorge, and letting the cars fall into the abyss below!"

"God of heaven!"

"The train must be saved!"

"It must—but how?"

"I know not."

"But I do. Hasten you, Mary, to the valley, and use every means in your power to prevent the deed. Accompanied by Tom Dolyer, I will follow, and some means will yet be found to accomplish the miracle."

Mary departed breathless, and Lucy knocked at Tom's door. He came out.

"Lucy—you here? What's the matter?"

She told him all, adding, "You must go with me, leaving Mr. Somerville to protect the house."

Tom grinned. "Lord," he exclaimed; "Somerville's in an awfully tipsy state. He can't move."

"Then *you* must remain. *I will go alone!*"

"Impossible."

"Nothing is impossible."

"I cannot let you go."

"You must. Life hangs in the balance. Farewell." And she fled out into the night to save her father and er lover, or die in the attempt.

CHAPTER IV.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

The strikers, made half mad with the liquor with which Leary had plied them, were gathered together in the Lonely Valley. The trestle-work, at a dizzy height, loomed above them, and the pure, calm moonlight fell sweetly upon the place which was to be the scene of frightful disaster. John Kelsey, who had begun to comprehend the full horror of the plan, and to see Leary's true motive in urging the strikers on, was imploring them not to proceed any further—to stop while it was yet time. But the men, filled with their supposed wrongs, laughed at him, and swore they would stop for no one.

"Come, boys," said Leary, "and drink; and the half of you go to old Drayton's house, capture it, and have it ready for us. The train will be along in a short time, and our vengeance will be complete."

Some of the men departed. The others, on hearing a distant whistle, concealed themselves in the bushes until the down train passed over the trestle-work, and disap-

peared among the gloomy mountains. As it did so, Mary Kelsey appeared.

"Thank heaven, I am in time," she murmured. As she did so, the men discovered her.

"Who are you?" they demanded.

The moonlight fell upon her face.

"Mary," exclaimed her father; "you here!"

"Yes; to save you and these poor men from committing an awful crime. Oh, father, think, and you will see how fearful this plot is."

"Off, men, to your work," said Leary. The men ascended to the trestle-work, and began cutting it. Mary, in an agony of terror, threw herself at her father's feet, wildly imploring him to stop the dreadful deed. But it was useless. He had attempted to dissuade them, and they had refused to obey him.

The trestle-work was cut!

The men went into the thicket to take another drink, to fit them for the consummation of their work, and as they did so, a light figure came upon the scene. It was Lucy Drayton!

In her hand she carried the red lantern, which she had taken from Mary Kelsey. She listened. She heard the wild laughter of the men a short distance off. What should she do? She was in the Valley. To reach the trestle-work she must pass the place where the strikers were. To do that would be death! She sank back, almost fainting, on a rock. As she did so, she heard the whistle of the approaching train.

Merciful heaven! She sprang to her feet—the blood rushed to her head—she thought she would go mad. In another minute her father, her lover, and every one on board the train would be utterly destroyed! Heavenly Father! What could she do?

Climb to the top of the trestle-work!

Should she fall, she would be dashed to pieces. No matter. She would dare all for them.

Up she went! Up, up, up! With a wild prayer on her agonized lips, with the strength of a maniac, she drew herself towards the top. Again she heard the whistle. Another effort, and dizzy and almost overcome, she had reached the top. The whistle sounded nearer—nearer; she saw the white-eyed iron monster approaching like lightning. She waved the lantern!

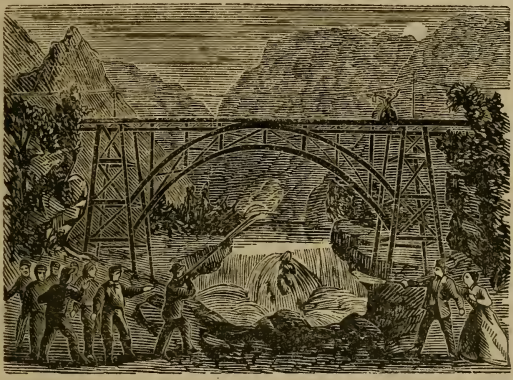
"Back! back!" she shrieked; "back!"

The strikers, arrested by the cries, rushed in. They saw Lucy Drayton!

"Doomed!" cried Leary, with fiendish triumph. "Where she stands the train must pass."

"Leap to the other side," shouted John Kelsey.

"She shall not escape," howled Leary; and raising his gun, he fired at Lucy.



With a cry, she fell on the trestle-work, still waving the lantern. Kelsey drew his pistol and shot Leary dead. As the train rushed on the trestle-work, Lucy suddenly seized the branch of a high tree within reach, and clung to it.

* * * * * * * * *

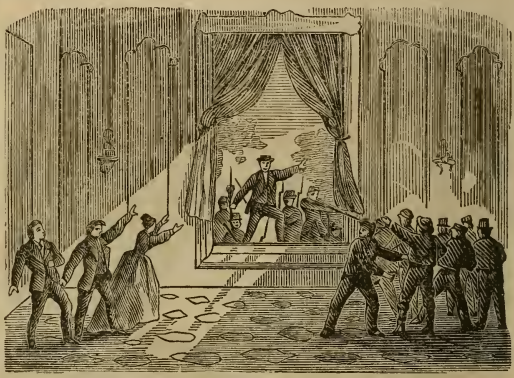
Saved—saved! thank God! all saved!

CHAPTER V.

WOLVES AT BAY.

Tom Dolyer, when Lucy ran out into the night, leaving him to defend the house, armed himself with a gun, pistols, etc., and paraded up and down with great satisfaction, until, accidentally, the gun went off, and the ladies and Somerville, *en deshabille*, rushed out of their rooms. Before an explanation could be made, the

strikers were heard knocking, and demanding to be let in. Of course, the greatest consternation was exhibited by the ladies and Somerville. Tom refused them admittance, but finally the door was broken down, and the enraged workmen rushed in. Something terrible would have happened, for Tom, bold as a lion, refused to yield, when suddenly, Arthur Levering, followed by the mili-



tary, made his appearance, and the strikers were overpowered. Lucy and her father also arrived safe. Lucy promised to intercede for Kelsey, having seen him shoot Leary, whose death put an end to the strike, and everything concluded happily. Becky consents to marry Tom, Mrs. Dolyer accepts Somerville; Mr. Drayton gives his consent to the marriage of Lucy and Arthur; and the morning sun, streaming in the window, falls upon the happy party with a halo of brightness, sweet augury of future happiness.

The above is a sketch of Col. Fitzgerald's thrilling and beautiful drama, "WOLVES AT BAY," as will be observed from the advertisement on the back cover of this book. The play, with all its magnificent scenery, unequalled cast of characters, mechanical effects, calcium lights, costumes, properties, music, songs, etc., may be seen at the theatre mentioned.

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Arthur Levering	Mr. Barton Hil
Jack Somerville	Mr. Craig
Lyon Leary	Mr. Snyder
Tom Dolyer	Miss Fanny Davenport
John Kelsey	Mr. Wallis
Josh Lipp	Mr. Meagher
Mrs. Harmon Dolyer	Mrs. Maeder
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